

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

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JIMMY AND I.

Jimmy and I were playing for play!
Never tired of it, rats or mice,
Jimmy was six the last birthday,
While I was one—sixty-one!

So little Master Christopher
gives himself superior airs,
Gauding my inexperience,
By the window under his own white bower.

Sometimes it happens the heavy bags—
Overrunning for Number One;
Tires me to think of tender age,
And I am most attracted.

No matter how it may chance to be,
Jimmy's opinions never fail;
The import is always wrong for me,
And Jimmy is wiser, birds or tails.

Well, I have lived to be boy and man,
And grand, and yet I now,
See I am in my threescore and ten,
Half-a-century as Jimmy is now!

And only Christopher's birthright,
As I have said, can look him down;
What will the Twentieth Century be?
Hawaii's young ones are all like Jim,

VARIETY.

When is a newspaper editor that is hard-up for news writer like Krupp? Why when he makes up his column by day?

Elizabeth Miller, in a poem, asks: "Oh, willie, why forever wait?" Elizabeth is a little sensitive as to the facts. It isn't the willow that weeps, it is the boy who dangles under the boughs of it.

"That gun you sold me burned the first time I fired it off," said an irate specimen to Mr. Shoot. "That's very strange," said the latter. "It never did before. You must have been putting powder in it."

The music is open to what the good man who imagines he has a career in his moment wants him to the orchestra, bowed and applied the ramey bowtie, politics, and such, however finding that it's crowded.

When you look at the goddess, for we understand she is an alleged goddess, on the new silver dollar, doesn't it make your blood boil to think of the man who has evidently cleaned her under the sun with a sponge mop!

"It was simply an informal affair," wrote the editor of a little strawberry party at a neighbor's house. "It was simply a—formal affair, read the competitor, and that editor will never get any more invitations from that party."

The man who made the "silver giant" has used the almanac for the price of one-hundred pounds of cocaine and two years' labor, and the editor has proved such an attraction that he has nearly doubled in price.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Sacramento lawyer, "at the moment the policeman says he saw us in front of the house which was burglariously entered, I will prove that we were locked up drunk in the station house!"

"Sorry, do you know where little boys go who play ball on Sunday?" asked an old lady of a little boy. "Town," was his reply. "Down the road about half a mile, near the fair grounds, where nobody can see 'em."

When Mr. Jasper goes through beating his head against the stonewall of scientific truth, will he have the kindness to keep over this way and explain why it is not always easier to crook side upon the very next day after a man sheds his undevotion?

Lucy Stone says she despises the custom of men lifting their hats to women, and she says she won't do me to believe in that to this day. What Lucy likes is an easy, natural, hearty greeting, something like this: "Hello, Lucy, old girl, how are you?"

How strangely big success looks elsewhere in this world. Fair chance pleasure like a champagne cork, and the sweet tears bled by the maple-tree in Spring, crystallized into sugar, will give us what the stomach-ache gives to a doctor's bill of \$10.

The Hindus believe that India will be subject to England only as long as the King-in-exile of the United Jews remains in possession of the Queen. As it is to be exhibited in Paris, it is believed that effort may be made to steal it. Is it like Collins' masterpiece?

A blacksmith, having been discharged, was advised to apply to the courts for redress. He replied, with true wisdom: "I shall never apply for shelter. I can go into my shop and work out a home diameter in six months than I could get in a decent house in a year."

"Where are the friends of my youth?" sang a wretched San Franciscan, whilst the other night at a concert. As he came of the stage into the green room, the manager remarked to him, "It is very evident that you are not here; I will give you the rest of the season to go and look up."

Don't you realize that one of our trial juries is a witness before him, recently, who was trying to evade some important question. "Can't help it, Judge" answered the youth. "Ever since that woman mate joined our crew of my soul, I am compelled to practice right speech."

A Lowell man, who had the good character some time ago, was severely handled over the head by some of his former friends. "I know it, boys, I know my character's gone. Just entirely. And," he added rather pointedly, "We're too confounded bad, for it was the only one in the place worth saving."

"Doubt," remarks a newspaper novelist, "won't be constantly reminding your wife of her faults." And as we gaze upon the sea of bald heads that gleam in the gas light at church or theater, we can't help thinking that the philosopher should have started out with that advice about twenty years ago.

Farewell letter: General Grant's visit was a success with the Curtis at least. They like a silent man. The less a man says, in his estimation, the worse he is. "He didn't say a word," a very wise man, said a Fuchs to me when speaking of Grant. "Did he say anything to you?" Not a word; but he looks wise."

Home scene.—Husband entering, and throwing himself languidly on the sofa, as to wipe the perspiration from his brow: "Oh, dear, business is killing me, I am so tired." Wipes himself off a pillow— "Lie down there, like a dead, good fellow—and take a little rest." Little does our old fagin-like Fuchs, I thought, feel about since I have seen the new kind all but "sell the clothes."

A Boston boy was asked by his teacher to give an example of earnestness. He looked thoughtful for a moment, but his thoughts led like the deer-drags gliding on the leaves of the rose in early morning, as he delivered himself of the following happy thought: "When you are a boy engaged in a minor plan till he can touch the middle plan and his ears drop on the outer great, you may know he has got it."

A Boston boy was in flavor of the Bible in the public schools! "I asked a portuguese at the breakfast table the other morning, 'Why, of course I am,'" responded the father, pleased that such an important subject should engage the attention of his youthful offspring. "What makes you ask me such a question, my son?" "Oh, nothing," replied young hopeful: "only I thought may be you wasn't, as you never have had any at home." The teacher dodged, but wasn't quick enough.

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